

MARVEL
COMICS

DAREDEVIL

JUN '97 365

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

IF YOU
CAN'T TAKE
THE HEAT,
DD--

--DON'T
MESS WITH THE
MOLTEN
MAN!

BIG DAY TODAY,
VIN... BIG DAY.

YES IT IS, SIR. WHAT DO YOU EXPECT THE **BOOT LICKING** QUOTIENT TO BE AT THE MEETING?

HMMM. PROBABLY ABOUT AN **EIGHT**. **WILLIAMS** WON'T LET THE BOARD GET OUT OF HAND.

COURSE, IT OUGHTTA BE A **FIFTEEN** FOR ALL THE **GARBAGE** THEY PUT ME THROUGH.

BUT I AIN'T GONNA THINK ABOUT THAT TODAY. AIN'T GONNA LET **NOTHING** RUIN MY MOOD...

... 'CAUSE TODAY, **EVERY-ONE** WILL KNOW, ONCE AND FOR ALL, THAT **MARK RAXTON** IS A STAND-UP GUY!

GOODBYE, **MOLTEN MAN**, HELLO **RESPECT!**

I BELIEVE HE'LL REST IN **PEACE**, SIR...

... THANKS TO A LITTLE HELP FROM **DAREDEVIL!**

YEAH, THE OL' **HORNHEAD** REALLY CAME THROUGH FOR ME. NOT **EVERYONE** WOULD TAKE A CHANCE LIKE THAT --

-- Aw **GEEZ**. WILL YA LOOK AT ME HERE...

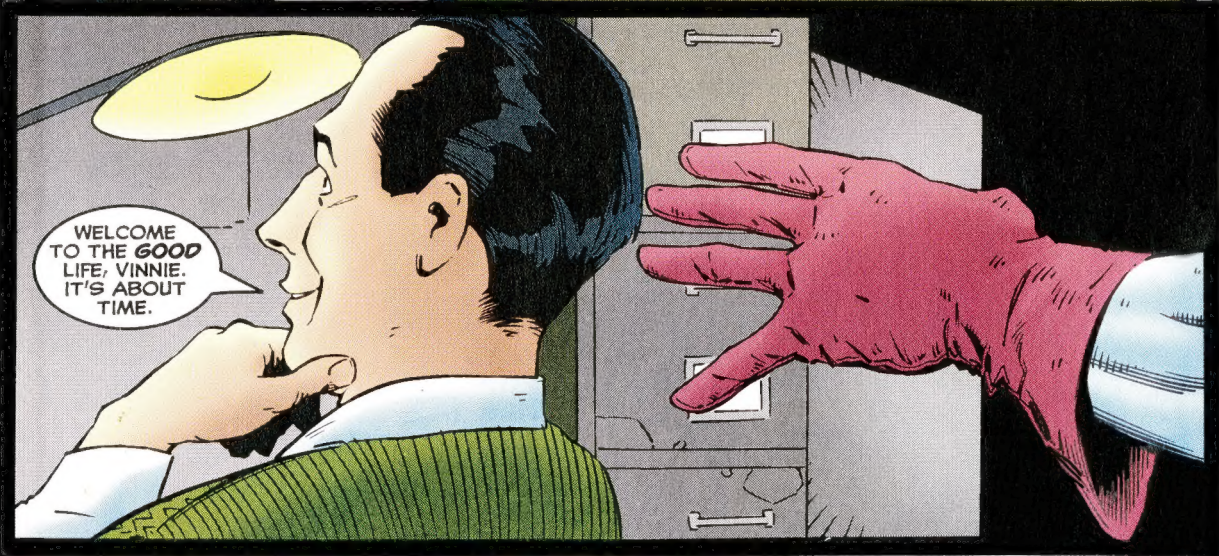
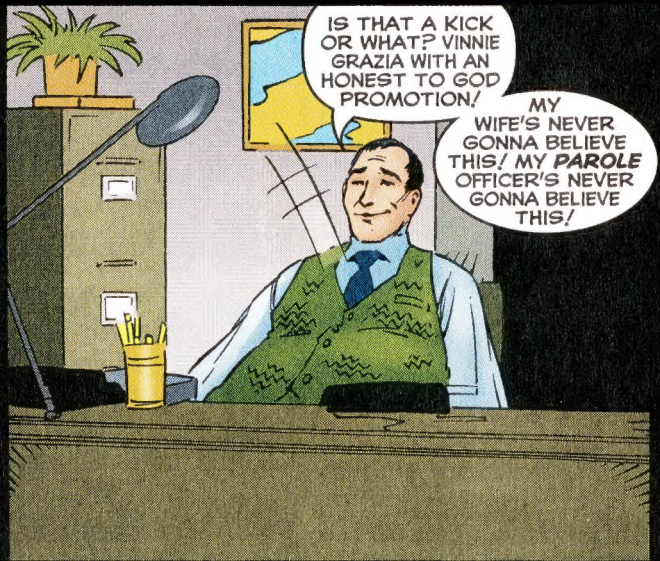
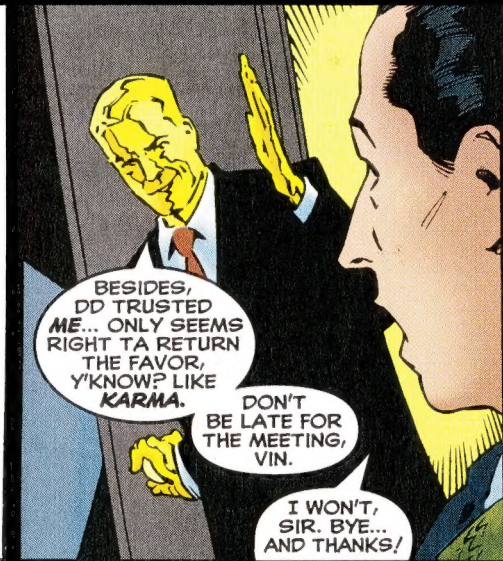
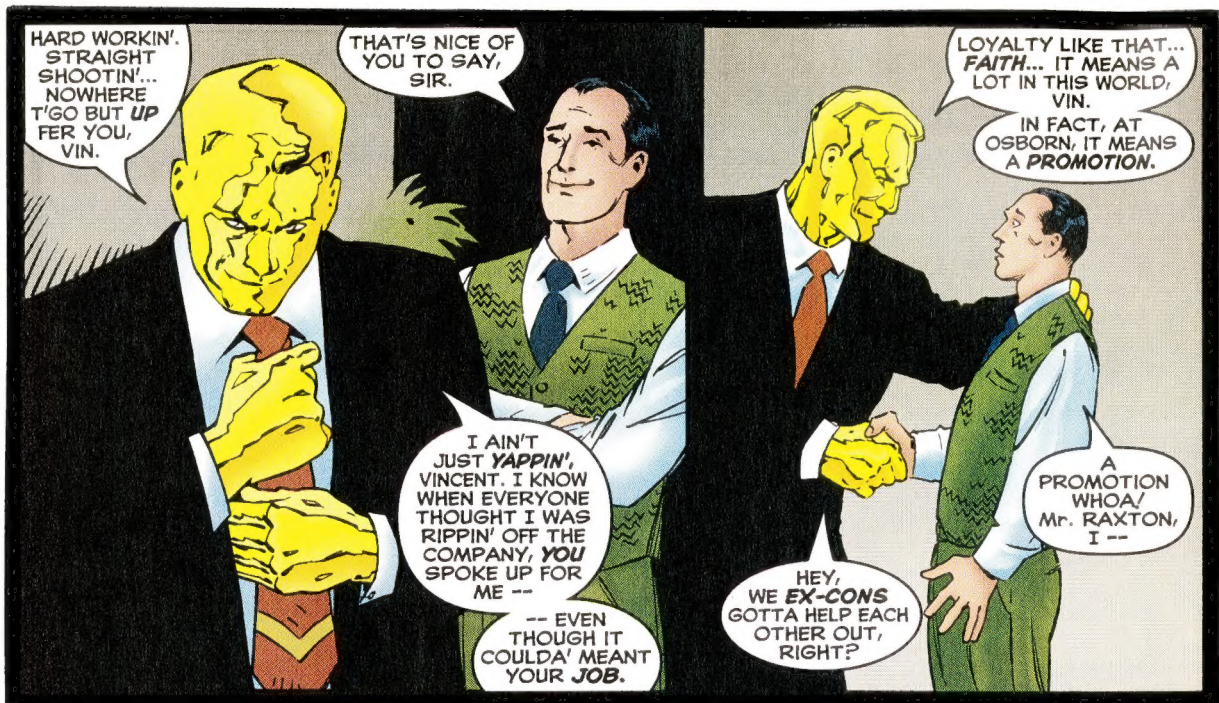
... I CAN GO **FIFTEEN** ROUNDS WITH **SPIDER-MAN**, **TWIST STEEL** PIPING LIKE **STRING**, OR MELT A **747** INTO **SLAG**...

... BUT I STILL CAN'T GET THE HANG OF **SILK TIES**.

TOOK MY **PAROLE OFFICER** THREE WEEKS TO TEACH ME HOW TO DO IT, BUT NOW I CAN TIE A **WINDSOR KNOT** IN MY SLEEP!

AND **NOW** LOOK AT YOU, RIGHT-HAND MAN TO THE MANAGER OF **OSBORN CHEMICALS**! NOT TOO SHABBY FOR AN **EX-CON**.

THANK YOU, SIR.



10:25 AM. SOHO.
NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK CITY IS
INFAMOUS FOR ITS
**GLUT OF CRYPTIC
STREET SIGNS.**

SOME WOULD ARGUE THAT
IT TAKES A DEGREE FROM
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AND
A **PENTIUM PROCESSOR** TO
DECIPHER MOST OF THE
PARKING REGULATIONS.

AS A RESULT, MANY NEW
YORKERS CHOOSE TO **IGNORE**
THE MARKERS AND PRAY FOR
A **SYMPATHETIC EAR** IN COURT.

THE MAN
Stan Lee
WITHOUT FEAR

QUESTION TRUST

TAKE MY
HAND!

BUT IGNORANCE OF
THE LAW DOESN'T GET
YOU VERY FAR WITH A
TRAFFIC JUDGE.

IT DOESN'T HELP MUCH
UNDER A COLLAPSED
WATER MAIN THIRTY
FEET **BELOW** HOUSTON
STREET, EITHER.

CARY NORD
PENCILER...

MATT RYAN
INKER...

**CHRISTIE
SCHEELE**
COLORIST...

**RICHARD STARKINGS
& COMICRAFT/KF**
LETTERS...

**JAYE
GARDNER**
EDITOR...

AND...
**BOB
HARRAS**
CHIEF...

Matthew Ryan

...WELCOME ABOARD,
DD'S NEW SCRIBE:
JOE KELLY!

WITH SPECIAL THANKS AND BEST REGARDS
TO KARL KESEL AND JAMES FELDER.

IN CASE YOU'VE EVER WONDERED, THE SIGN, "HOLLOW SIDEWALK: DO NOT PARK" ACTUALLY SERVES A LOGICAL PURPOSE.

ESPECIALLY IF YOU DRIVE A THREE TON GARBAGE TRUCK.

GO ON, LOUIE! GRAB HIM!

GET YOUR SCRAWNY BUTT TOPSIDE, **STRING-BEAN!**

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS HARDLY AS EASY AS I MAKE IT LOOK --

-- SO IF ONE OF YOU WOULD KINDLY GET A MOVE ON --

-- ONE DESTINED TO BE SHORT-LIVED.

YOU GOT KIDS! YOU GO FIRST!

NO WAY, LOUIE, I AIN'T NO COWARD!

I BELIEVE THIS DISPLAY OF **KINDNESS** IS WHAT THEY CALL A **NEW YORK MOMENT** --

KRONK

THE SOUND IS **UNMISTAKABLE**. CORRODED STEEL BUCKLING. RUST GRINDING AGAINST GRAVITY.

WE HAVE ABOUT **NINETY SECONDS** BEFORE THE WHOLE **SHEBANG** GIVES WAY...

...I STAY OPTIMISTIC...

NOW I DON'T WANT YOU TODDLING OFF, LOUIE! I HEAR THERE'S ALLIGATORS DOWN HERE.

OKAY... I AIN'T MOVIN...

...ALTHOUGH, REALLY, IT'S A WONDER ALL OF NEW YORK CITY DOESN'T COLLAPSE.

JUST HURRY... PLEASE...

IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE PLACE IS HELD UP BY **FAITH**.

FAITH THAT YOUR FELLOW
NEW YORKERS WON'T LEAVE
YOU HANGING --

-- NO MATTER *WHAT* THE
PRESS SAYS ABOUT THEM...



...FAITH THAT THE BILLS
GET PAID. THAT THE
SUN COMES UP. THAT
THE YANKEES WILL
WIN AGAIN...

...FAITH THAT HEROES
ALWAYS RETURN.

IN AN INSTANT, THAT
BELIEF IS TESTED. MY
HYPER-SENSES PAINT
THE SCENE THIRTY
FEET BELOW --

-- FEEL THE VIBRATION
OF **WRENCHING** METAL
THROUGH MY FINGERS.
HEAR LOUIE'S MUFFLED
GRUNT. SMELL
CONCRETE **DUST**.

I DON'T NEED **EYES**
TO FIGURE OUT THAT
MY MATH WAS OFF
BIG TIME.

WHICH IS A
GOOD THING...



HOW
LONG IS THIS
CABLE?

'BOUT
A HUNDERT
YARDS -- HEY,
WHAT'RE
YOU --?

JUST A TAD LONG... BE A PAL
AND PULL THE BREAK AS FAST
AS YOU CAN, WOULD YOU?
SUPER.

HOLEE --
DAREDEVIL!
THE
WINCH?!

KACHINK

...CONSIDERING MY
EYES DON'T WORK
ANymore.



A SECOND OF **FRICTION**
AS I PUSH FROM THE
ASPHALT CEILING... AND
THEN JUST **SPACE**.

THE FORCE OF THE RUSHING
TORRENT HASTENS MY
CONTROLLED DESCENT...

...**RADAR SENSE**
KEEPS ME ON
TARGET...

...AND SOMETHING ELSE
MAKES MAKE **SMILE**
IN SPITE OF IT ALL.

AS I REACH OUT
THROUGH THE MIST,
I CAN'T HELP BUT
NOTICE...

...LOUIE **NEVER**
SCREAMS.

SURE, HE SUCKS IN AN INVOLUNTARY
BREATH, HIS **HEART BEAT** IS OFF
THE MAP, BUT STILL, HE JUST **HANGS**
THERE IN THE DARK...

WAITING QUIETLY,
DEFIANTLY.

DARING ME TO PROVE
THAT HIS FAITH IN THIS
CITY, IN ITS HEROES, IS
WELL-FOUNDED... THAT
HE'S NO **FOOL**.

**CHALLENGE
ACCEPTED.**

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN "MAYBE
HE GOT HUNG UP
SOMEWHERE?"

WHERE IS
**MATT
MURDOCK?**

THE WARM AND FUZZY LAW OFFICES OF SHARPE, NELSON, AND MURDOCK.

Uh, WELL... ROSALIND, I'M JUST SAYING IT'S GOTTA BE **TOUGH SOMETIMES** FOR MATT TO GET ACROSS TOWN, BEING A **BLIND GUY** AND ALL --

IF IT IS SO DIFFICULT, FRANKLIN, THEN **PERHAPS** YOU SHOULD TELL YOUR **PLAYMATE** HE SHOULD LEAVE FOR WORK EARLIER...

...OR SOON HE **WON'T** HAVE A REASON TO LEAVE HOME AT ALL!

WHAT CAN I DO TO COVER FOR HIM? WHATEVER IT IS YOU NEED DOING I'M SURE I CAN --

FWAP

MEMO TO FRANKLIN NELSON: YOU WILL HAVE **NO** OPINION OF YOUR OWN LEGAL EXPERTISE BESIDES THE ONE I **ASSIGN** TO YOU.

UNDERSTOOD? **SPLENDID.**

PING

F.Y.I. AN IMPORTANT, ALBEIT SOMEWHAT GRATING, CLIENT REQUIRES LEGAL SUPPORT FOR A BUSINESS MEETING --

--AND I THINK YOU'LL AGREE THAT **MATTHEW** IS FAR BETTER SUITED TO THE TASK THAN **YOU** ARE.

WHO'S THE CLIENT -- ULP?!

GOOD MORNING, Ms. OSBORN! SO WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

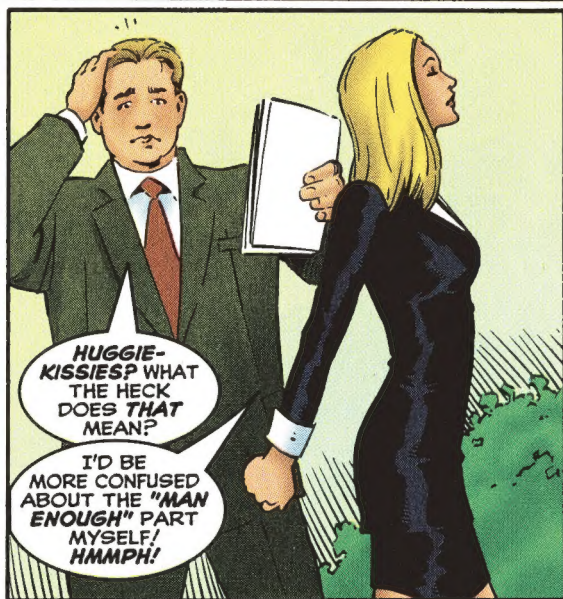
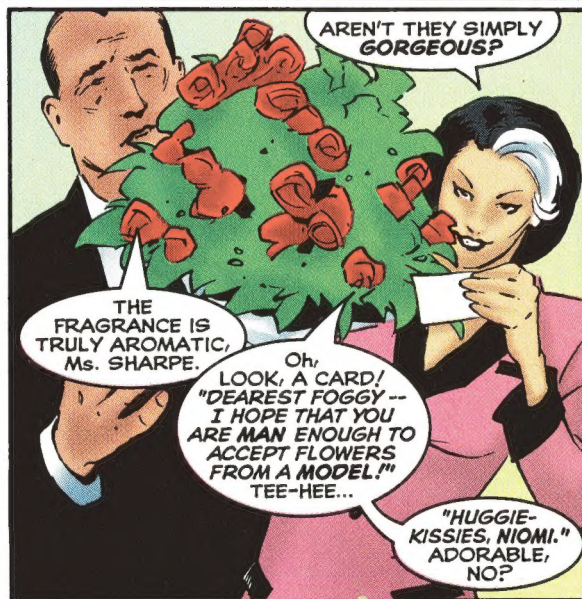
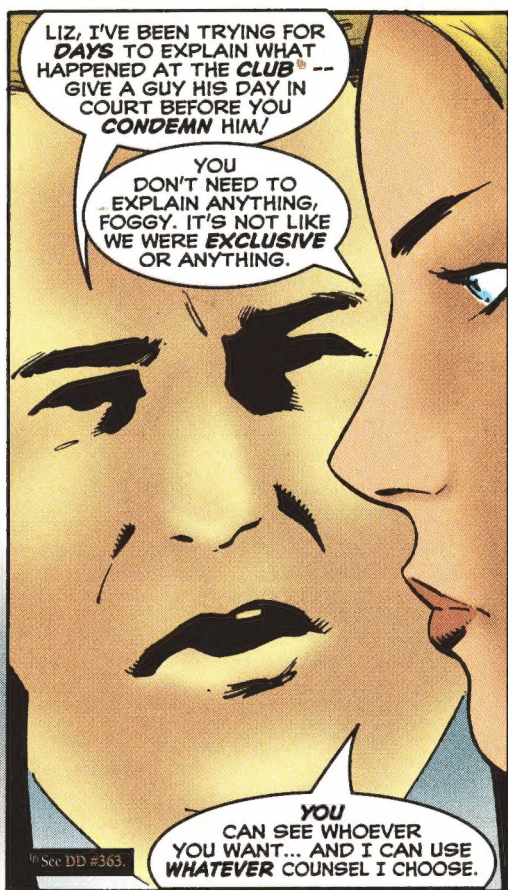
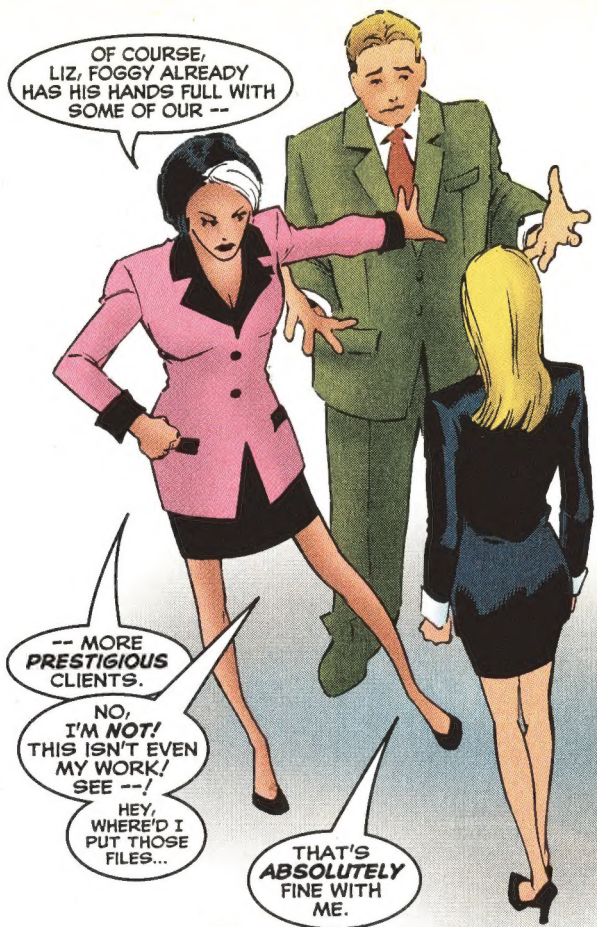
CIVIL PLEASANTRIES, AND SO **EARLY** TOO? COLOR ME IMPRESSED, Ms. SHARPE.

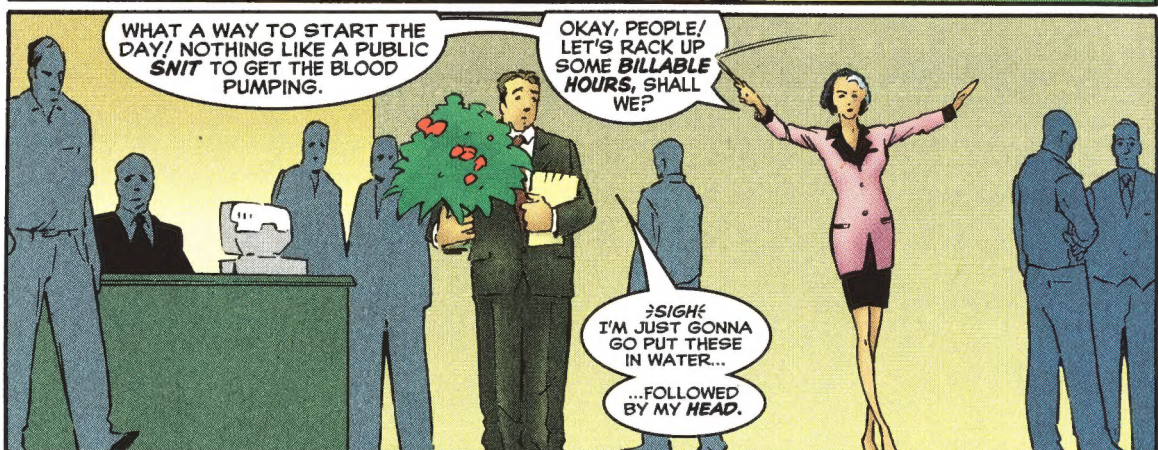
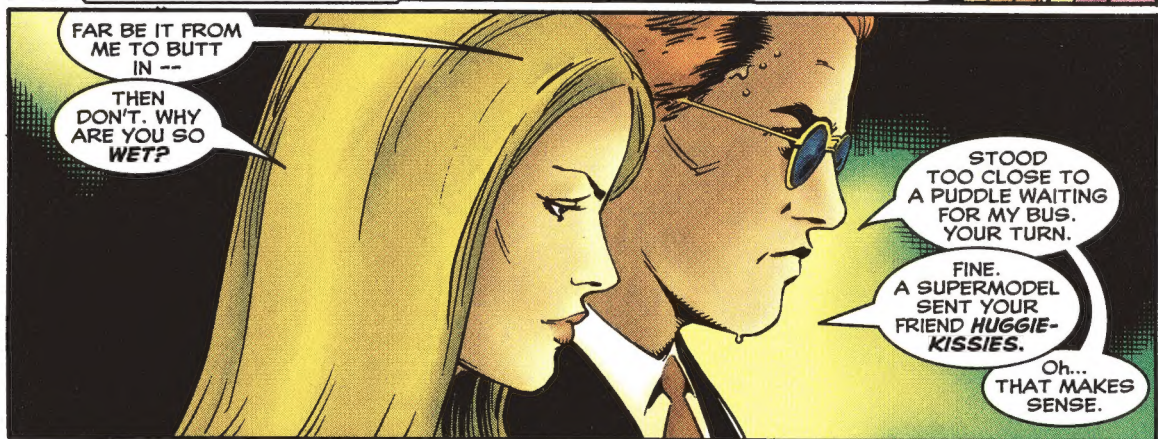
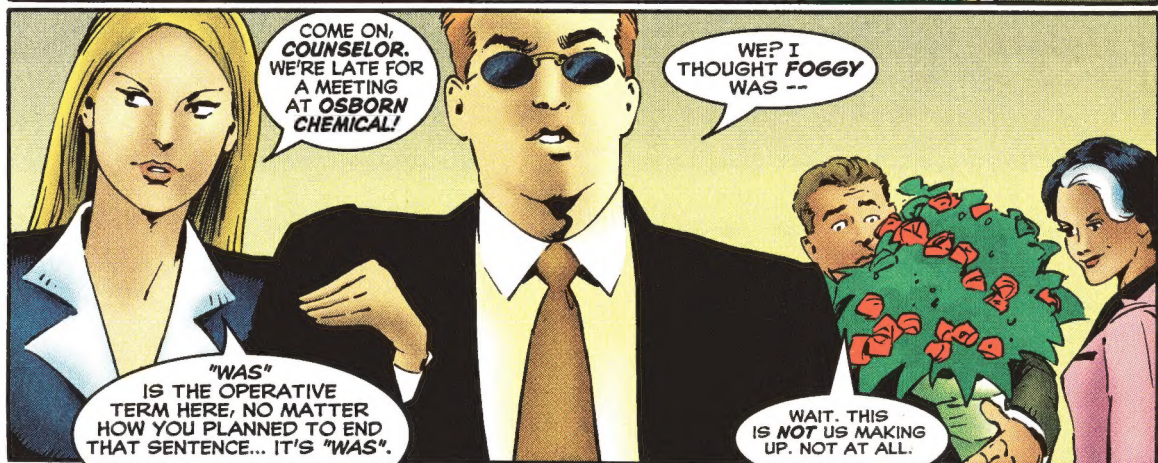
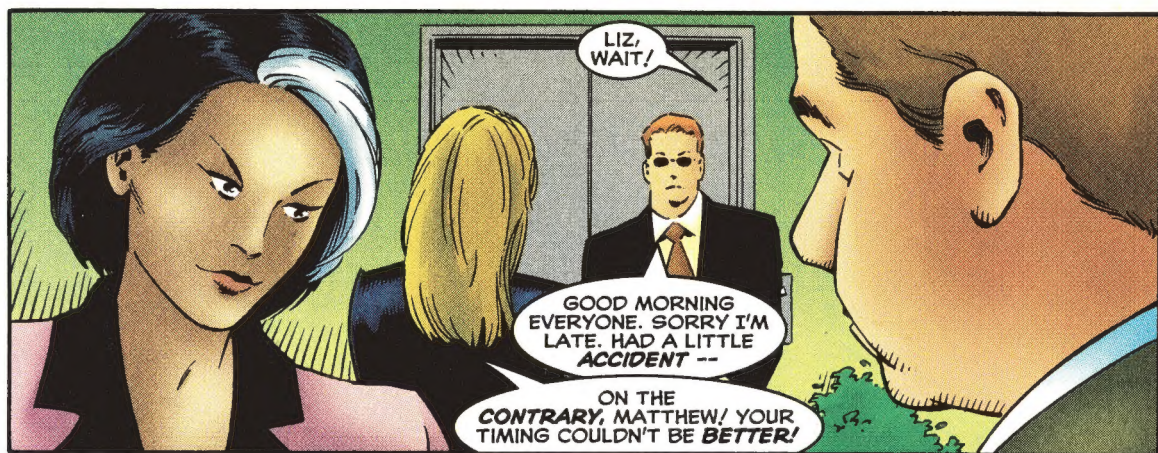
Oh... MORNING, FOGGY.

Uh...LIZ, WOW -- I'VE BEEN TRYING TO CALL YOU --

HOPE YOU DIDN'T TRY **TOO** HARD. I **WASN'T** ANSWERING.

I ASSUME THAT THIS IS MERE **UNPLEASANT COINCIDENCE**, ROSALIND, AND FOGGY IS **NOT** MY LEGAL SUPPORT FOR TODAY?





WE **REALLY**
SHOULD BE GETTING ON
WITH THIS... LITTLE **GET-
TOGETHER** OF YOURS,
RAXTON.

Aw, DON'T
HAVE A **DAIRY FARM,**
WILLIAMS! YOUR PLATE
OF **CROW** WILL STILL
BE WARM IN FIVE
MINUTES.

THIS
IS **MY DAY,**
AND IF I SAY WE
WAIT FOR **LIZ**
T'SHOW UP,
WE **WAIT!**

VINCENZO,
MY BOY! GRAB
A CHAIR!

ANY
WORD FROM
MY **STEP-SISTER**
YET?

Y-YES, SIR...
SHE CALLED AHEAD...
SHE'LL BE ARRIVING WITH
Mr. MURDOCK ANY
MOMENT NOW.

I THOUGHT
FOGGY NELSON WAS
GONNA COME WITH HER. AFTER
ALL, **HE'S** THE ONE WHO GOT
ME IN GOOD WITH **DAREDEVIL!**

Oh, WELL... HEY,
YOU ALRIGHT,
KID?

YES
S-SIR...
WHY?

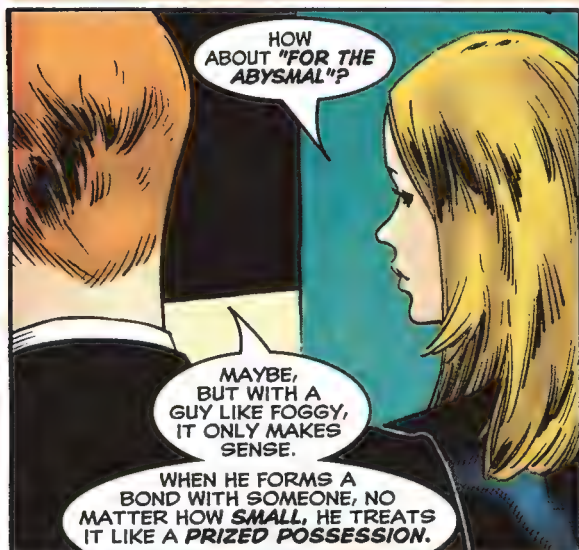
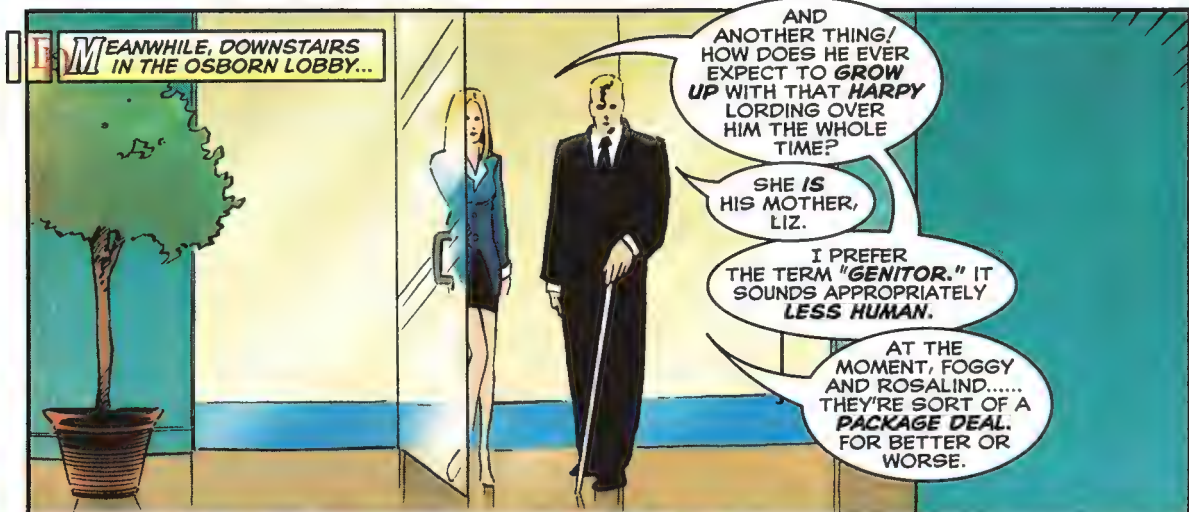
YER
A LITTLE GREEN
AROUND THE GILLS.
LIKE YOU RAN INTA **ME**
IN A **DARK ALLEY**
OR SOMETHIN'!
HA!

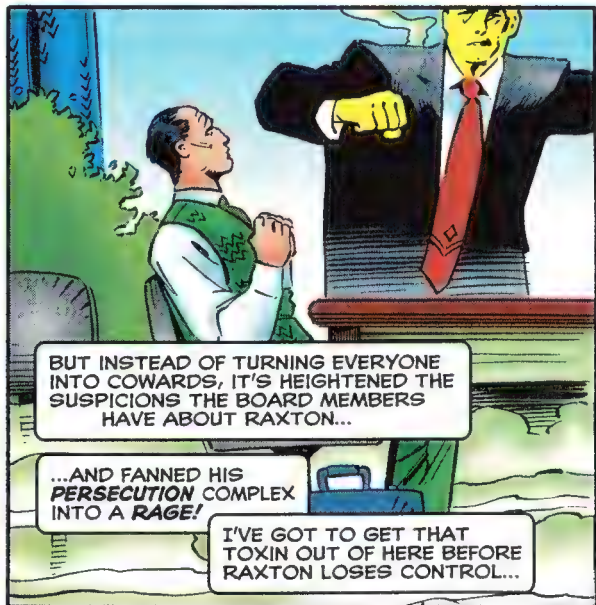
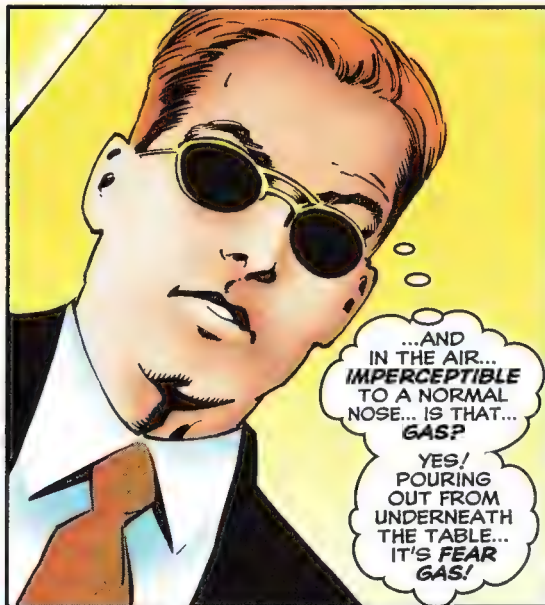
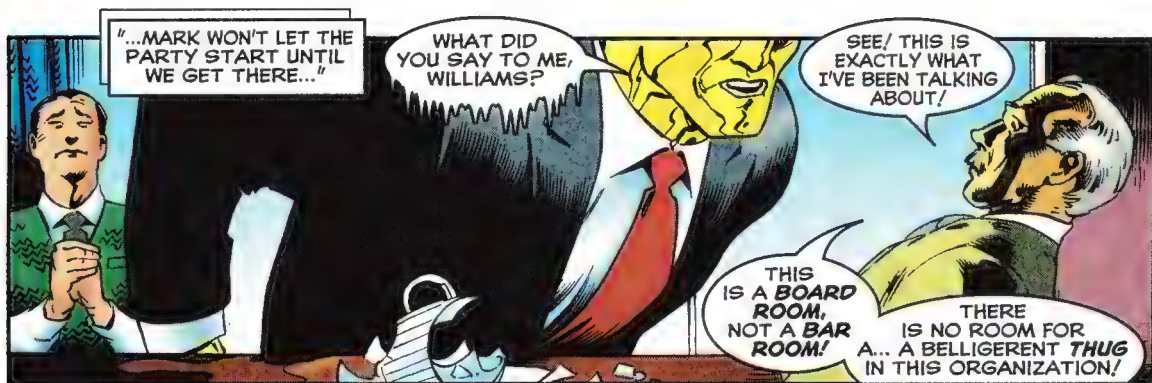
NO --
I -- I DON'T
KNOW WHY, SIR...
MAYBE I'M
ILL...

WELL,
TRY AN' HOLD
YOUR **LUNCH** FOR THE
MEETING. AFTER THAT
YOU CAN TAKE THE
DAY OFF.

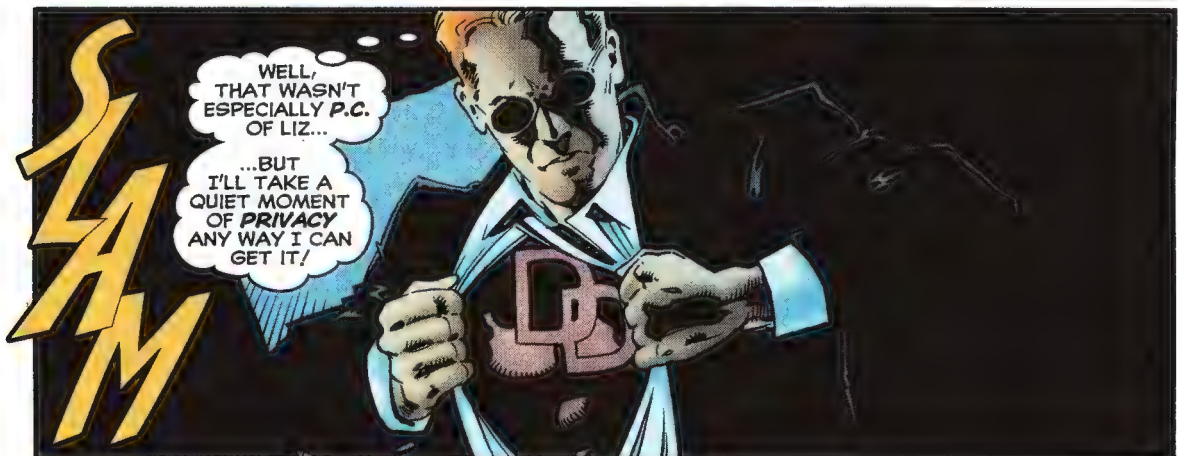
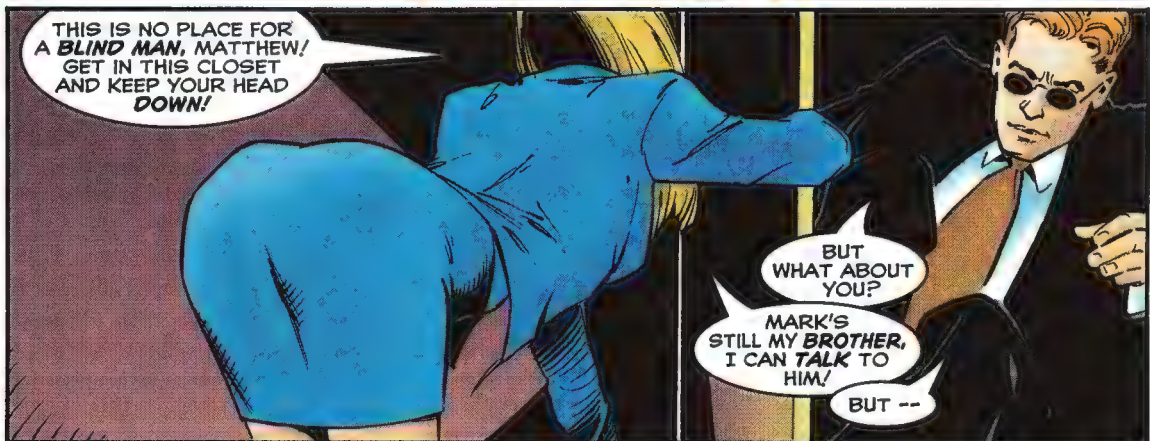
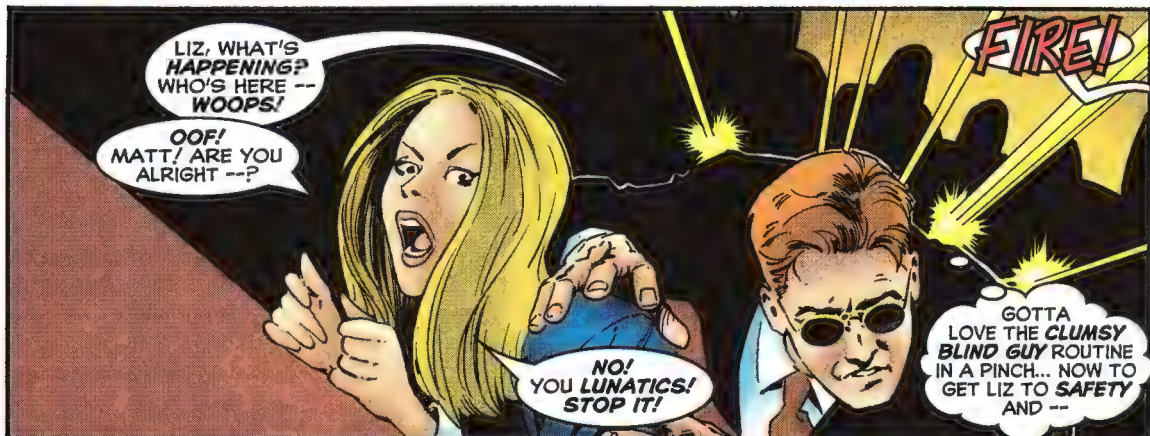
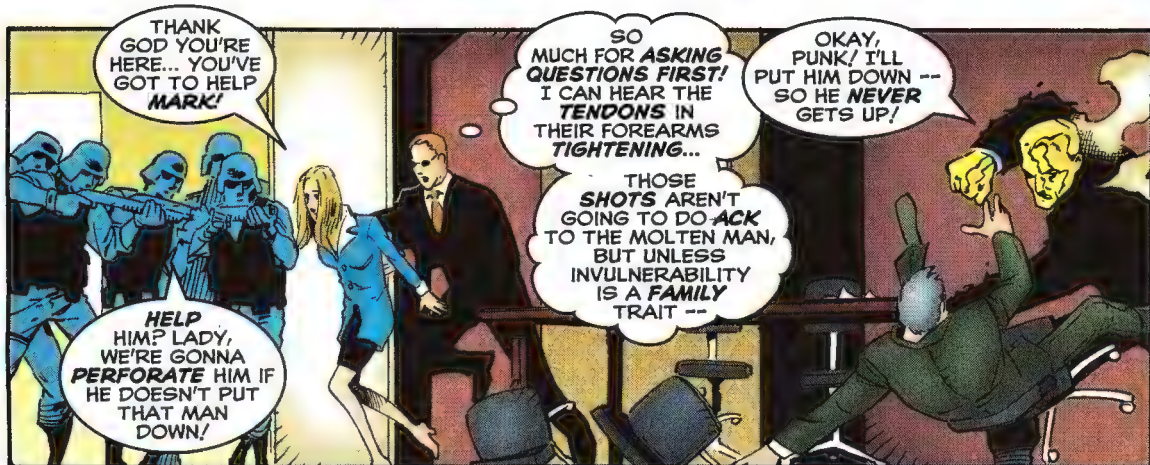
I MEAN, I
WOULDN'T WANT
YA PASSIN' OUT
AT YER COMPUTER
OR NOTHIN',
RIGHT?

HEY,
WILLIAMS, HAVE
ONE OF YOUR CRONIES
TURN THE HEAT DOWN
IN HERE. I'M GETTIN'
UNCOMFORTABLE...









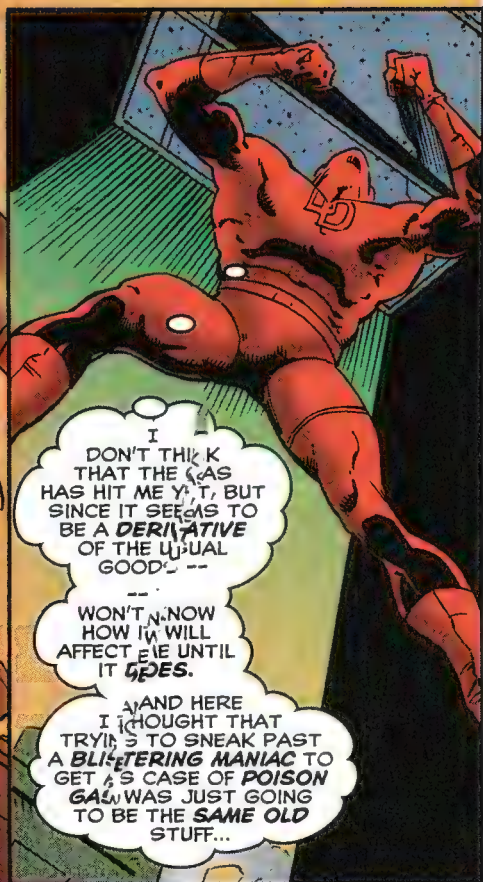


YOU'RE
ATTACKING ME
WITH MY OWN
SECURITY TEAM?/
AIN'T THAT THE
MOST!

I
HANDPICKED
THE LOT OF
YOU/ BROUGHT
YOU UP FROM
NOTHING --

-- AND
THIS IS HOW
YOU REPAY
ME?

RRRIIP



I
DON'T THINK
THAT THE GAS
HAS HIT ME Y'ET, BUT
SINCE IT SEEMS TO
BE A *DERIVATIVE*
OF THE USUAL
GOOD --

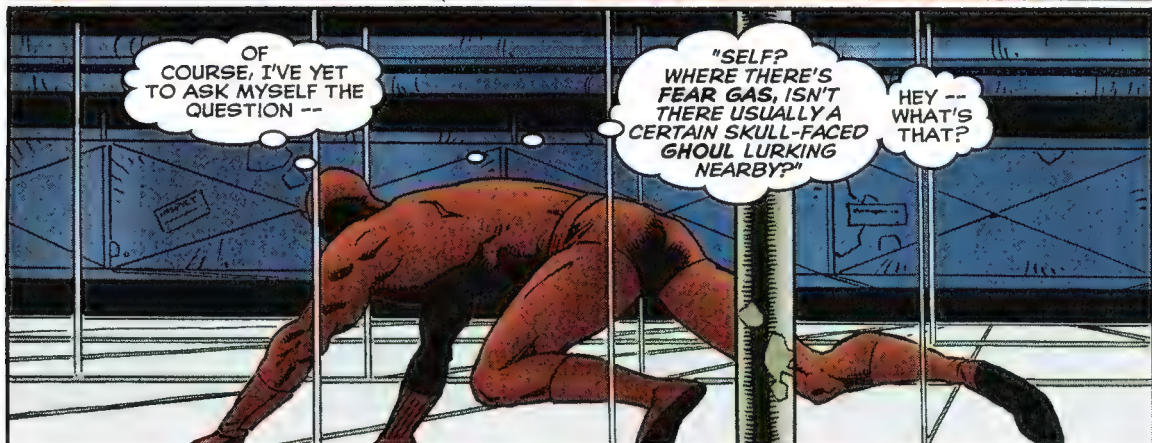
--
WON'T KNOW
HOW IT WILL
AFFECT ME UNTIL
IT *GOES*.

AND HERE
I THOUGHT THAT
TRYING TO SNEAK PAST
A *BLISTERING MANIAC*
TO GET A CASE OF *POISON*
GAS WAS JUST GOING
TO BE THE SAME OLD
STUFF...



I'LL
PULVERIZE
THE LOT OF
YOU!

OCH, THAT'S GONNA *STING*.
BUT THE GUARDS ARE HEAVILY
ARMORED. THEY'LL BE FINE
UNTIL I GET IN POSITION.



OF
COURSE, I'VE YET
TO ASK MYSELF THE
QUESTION --

"SELF?
WHERE THERE'S
FEAR GAS, ISN'T
THERE USUALLY A
CERTAIN SKULL-FACED
GHOUL LURKING
NEARBY?"

HEY --
WHAT'S
THAT?



RADAR'S FUZZY THROUGH THE SHEETROCK, BUT IF I JUST CONCENTRATE I CAN MAKE OUT --

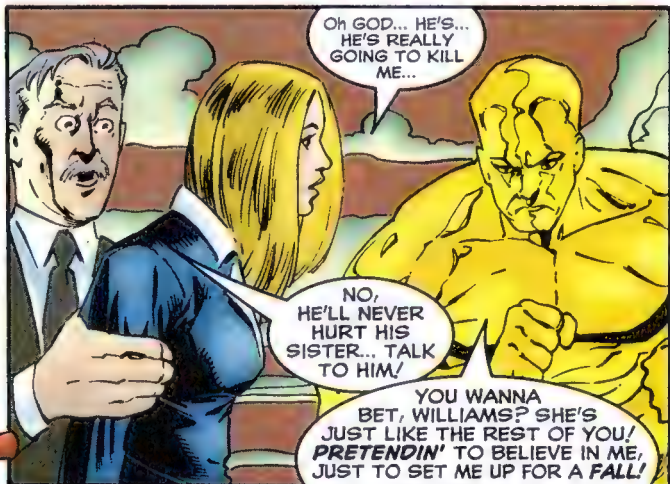
IT'S **Mr. FEAR!** HE'S GOT HIS MEN LOADING BARRELS INTO A TRUCK!

I'LL BET MY BILLY-CLUB THAT THEY'RE THE VERY SAME **CHEMICALS INSOMNIA** AND THE **GRAY GARGOYLE** TRIED TO STEAL LAST WEEK!



RAXTON'S RAMPAGE HAS JUST BEEN A **DIVERSION** WHILE FEAR ROBS THE PLACE **BLIND!**

IF I STOP RAXTON, THEN **FEAR** WILL HAVE ENOUGH RAW **CHEMICALS** TO ENSLAVE A CITY! BUT IF I **DON'T**...



OH GOD... HE'S... HE'S REALLY GOING TO KILL ME...

NO, HE'LL NEVER HURT HIS SISTER... TALK TO HIM!

YOU WANNA BET, WILLIAMS? SHE'S JUST LIKE THE REST OF YOU! **PRETENDIN'** TO BELIEVE IN ME, JUST TO SET ME UP FOR A FALL!



I'M GONNA MAKE THIS **HURT... REAL** BAD --

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU IT'S NOT NICE TO THREATEN YOUR STEP-SISTER WITH **THIRD DEGREE BURNS?**

DAREDEVIL!



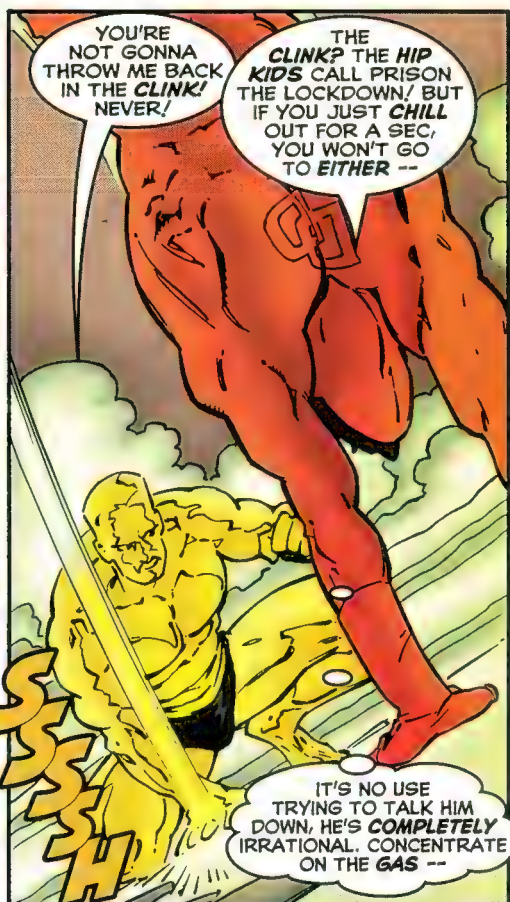
YOU'RE
A DEAD
MAN!

I THINK
YOU'RE DUE FOR SOME
SERIOUS **QUIET TIME**,
MISTER!

AT
LEAST 'TIL
YOU COOL DOWN
ENOUGH TO PUT
YOUR **CLOTHES**
BACK ON!

SWISSH

YOU'LL NEVER
MAKE IT ONTO
**FORTUNE'S BEST
DRESSED EXECS**
LIST SPORTING
ONLY YOUR
SKIVVIES!



YOU'RE
NOT GONNA
THROW ME BACK
IN THE **CLINK!**
NEVER!

THE
CLINK? THE **HIP
KIDS** CALL PRISON
THE **LOCKDOWN!** BUT
IF YOU JUST **CHILL**
OUT FOR A SEC,
YOU WON'T GO
TO **EITHER** --

SSSHH

IT'S NO USE
TRYING TO TALK HIM
DOWN, HE'S **COMPLETELY**
IRRATIONAL. CONCENTRATE
ON THE **GAS** --



BUT FIRST --
THE **GUARDS**.

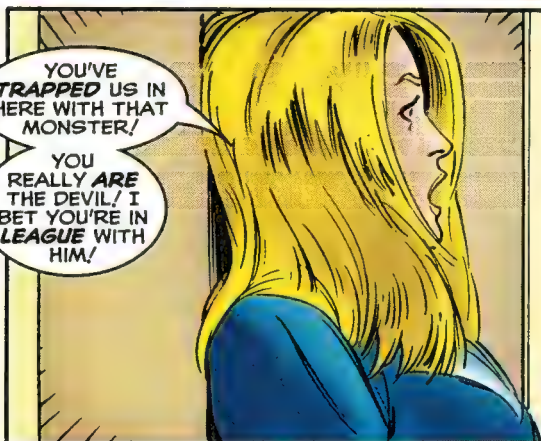
NOT
THAT I COULDN'T
USE A **LEAD SHOWER**,
FELLAS, BUT THIS IS AN
UPPER MANAGEMENT
MEETING ONLY.

NO
TRIGGER-HAPPY
TRAINEES
ALLOWED.



TAKE
THE REST OF
THE DAY OFF AND
WE'LL SEND YOU A
VOICE MAIL ON
MONDAY.

BUH-BYE.

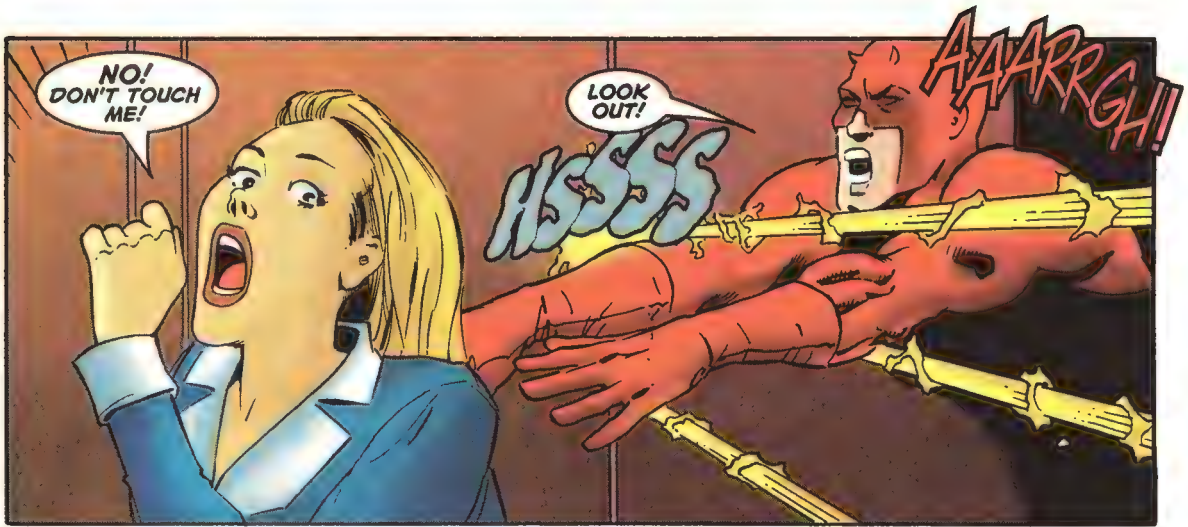



YOU'VE
TRAPPED US IN
HERE WITH THAT
MONSTER!

YOU
REALLY **ARE**
THE **DEVIL!** I
BET YOU'RE IN
LEAGUE WITH
HIM!



THERE
GOES **LIZ**,
COMPLETELY "**FEARED**
OUT"... WE GOT
HERE AT THE SAME
TIME, WHICH ONLY
MEANS --





SO STOP
THINKING
AND
REACT.

PUSH OFF,
HEAD DOWN...

THE PAIN IS
KILLING ME!


NO, FEAR IS
KILLING ME...

...JUST LIKE IT'S
EATING AT RAXTON.

THIS GAS HEIGHTENS
OUR INNER DEMONS, OUR
WEAKNESSES. IT GIVES
THEM POWER.

REMOVE THE GAS... THE
DEMONS REMAIN...

...BUT IN THE LIGHT
WHERE WE CAN FACE
THEM.



THE
DEVIL HAS COME
FOR ME... I DESERVE
IT... DESERVE IT ALL...
SO WEAK...

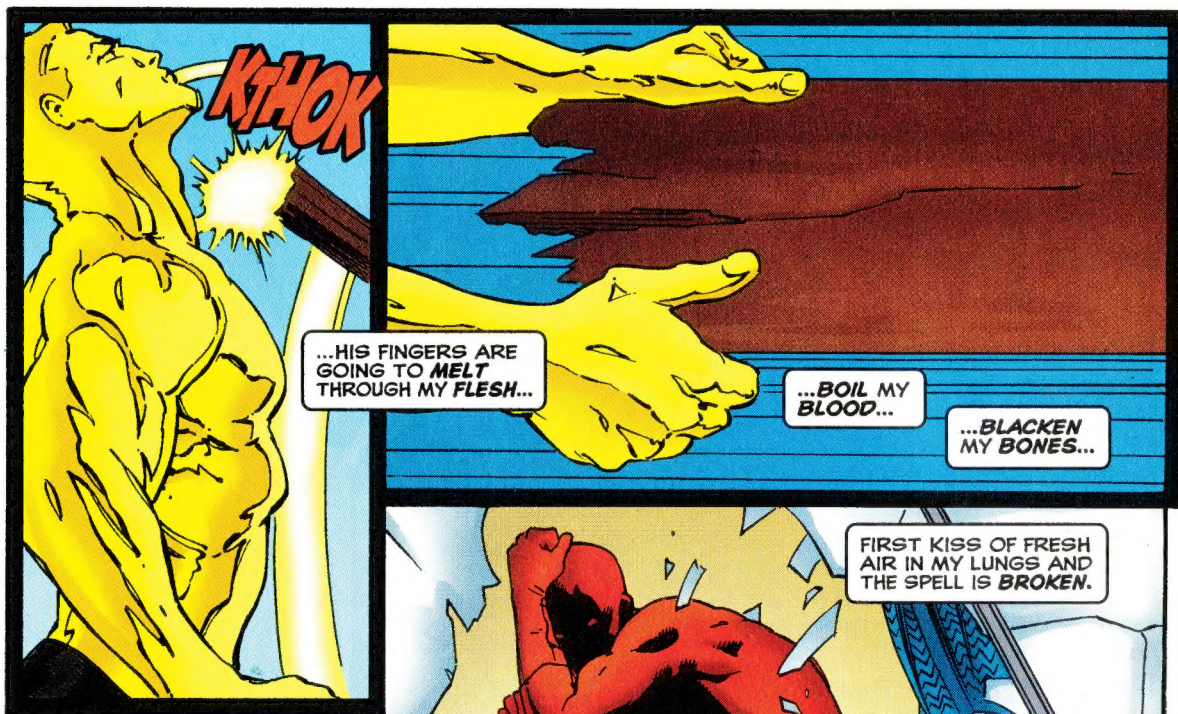
OF COURSE, THAT
BEING SAID...

...THIS *ISN'T* GOING TO
WORK... I JUST *KNOW* IT.

I'M *NOT*
FAST
ENOUGH.

NOT *STRONG*
ENOUGH.

HE'S GOING TO WRAP
HIS *SMOLDERING* HANDS
AROUND THE BACK OF
MY THROAT AND...



...HIS FINGERS ARE
GOING TO **MELT**
THROUGH MY **FLESH**...

...**BOIL** MY
BLOOD...

...**BLACKEN**
MY **BONES**...

FIRST KISS OF FRESH
AIR IN MY LUNGS AND
THE SPELL IS **BROKEN**.



THOUGH I WOULDN'T
RECOMMEND SURFING
ON A CONFERENCE
TABLE THROUGH A
TENTH STORY **WINDOW**
TO CLEAR THE COB-
WEBS TO EVERYONE.

OF COURSE, IT
WAS MY PLAN
ALL ALONG.

NOW, TO FIRE MY BILLY
CLUB AND MAKE A
SMART-ALECKY QUIP --

Oh...
WHOOPS.

POP ALWAYS WARNED
ME NOT TO **BET** WHAT
I COULDN'T AFFORD
TO **LOSE**...

...SHOOT.

